



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Arabian Nights 2

Marrissa Greene



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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## INTRODUCTION AND RECAP

Arabian Nights is set in the not too distant future when it is quite probable that holiday trips to virtual worlds will have become a reality. This story is based on a trip to one such created world. To work the worlds would of course have their own rules and the very good ones would feel just as real as reality itself. Whilst the worlds would all have some emergency escape option, the visitor would most likely normally enter or exit via a certain portal or after a certain period of time. Time in such worlds would have a dream like quality so would be much faster than in the real world. An actual weekend of real time may translate as several months in such a world. As for the internet now, sex will most likely play a large part in this and of course certain worlds would appeal more to a certain gender or age group than others. As such a process would be a mind transfer, rather than a physical one, you could assume whatever form you liked. Not only would you get the physical attributes of the body but also many of the skills associated with that persona in the world you visited, such as being able to speak fluent Arabic in the Arabian nights world. At the same time the limitations of the body also had an impact so in certain bodies you might not have access to certain skills and knowledge that you had in the mundane world. The choice of body was therefore very important. Obviously, certain bodies were more highly priced than others and the competition for some were quite cut throat. The character in this story is only a poor college student so has to take what his friend Assam offers. Obviously, as with all forms of technology things can go very wrong as our hapless hero has already found out.

In the first part of this story, John received an early warning from a fortune-teller but promptly decided to ignore it. He then found himself turned into a slave girl as an unwitting participant in a special 'experiential' room of a high-class brothel. Whilst he exited with his manhood intact, he managed to turn the whip Mistress into a bitter enemy.

John then goes on to have various adventures, including rescuing a Princess, which ended up making him very wealthy, but also created another sworn enemy in the slaver Garton. John naturally wound up with his very own harem. Whilst he did pursue the normal manly interests that such a facility entails, he also started to secretly experiment with a female magic skin that a friend Elsa had given him. Unfortunately for him a slave girl noticed him all female one day and started participating in his games. She took him much further down the road into femininity than he had planned and on a rather unexpected course. Poor John eventually found himself stuck as an inmate of his own harem unlikely ever to escape his fate. By a lucky accident he was however able to recover his manhood. He then destroyed the skin and his collection of pretty clothes and vowed to be sure to avoid such indulgences in the future. Again fate intervened on our hapless hero and John finds himself tricked into becoming his fantasy woman and once more stuck as a woman. Fortunately for him his fantasy woman was bright as well as good looking. John then tried to exit the world disguised as a man, but the system would not recognize him, due to something the wizard had done to his new form. Now he has to decide what to do and is using a coin toss to guide him or rather her now.

# ARABIAN NIGHTS 2

## VIRTUAL REALITY NIGHTMARE

**By Marrissa Greene**

### Chapter 1 THE TOSS OF A COIN

The more I mulled over the dilemma the harder it seemed to resolve. In the end I simply flicked a coin, grinning to myself I designated heads to charge in like a bull with its 'head' down and tails to run back to the safety of my harem like a dog with her 'tail' between her legs. I watched the coin arch up in the air then come hurtling back down to both bounce and spin wildly. Forcing me to chase after the coin so as not to lose it. As its spinning slowed down, it finally pivoted on its edge for a moment as if it couldn't decide which way to go. I held my breath waiting for the outcome and after what seemed an interminable amount of time; it finally overbalanced and fell showing heads up. Gulping nervously I realized that I had now committed myself once more to my original plan B of going on to confront the wizard and was already having second thoughts about the matter.

Rather than differing any longer, I set off hastily towards the wizard's shop by the shortest route possible, not wishing to prolong my stay here or give the system time it needed to introduce its method of keeping me under control. In horror I suspected the obvious strategy would be to enslave me in some hideous way.

Given how good my disguise was I suspect I probably would have even fooled the guards I later learnt had strategically been placed around the wizard's shop to trap me before I gained entrance. Alas I will never know as my luck ran out in a most unfair way very close to my actual destination. Just one block from the wizard's shop I was set upon by a band of thieves. I had forgotten Assam's earlier warning that even men sometimes took risks walking alone in some parts of the city and by shortcutting I had inadvertently gone into one of those. In addition I unfortunately did look an easy target, being a richly

dressed "gentleman" and rather small and slight in appearance. Being of course a disguised woman. At that point in time I wished my fantasy woman had been a giant Amazon of a woman.

Naturally I did my best to resist those uncouth vagabonds and managed to land some nasty blows and actually caught one between the legs. Unfortunately my different and much smaller body made it hard to fight well. Also to my great consternation, many of my best and most trusted martial arts moves seemed to morph into much more feminine dance like movements with correspondingly less impact on my assailants. With hindsight now I can understand it was simply a matter of the programming having overwritten what it considered redundant and unnecessary skills for my current body.

Alas they finally managed to subdue me and I found myself pinned to the ground by two of them whilst the third groped my body searching for my coin purse. Although he was clearly only after my hidden money, his physical groping of my chest area quickly unravelled my disguise as he felt under the cloth keeping my breasts flat. Doing so of course probably saved me from having my throat slashed but then what followed was probably worse from a male perspective.

On feeling my breasts beneath the disguise the bandit gave a mirthful laugh and said, "well, well, well, what do we have here, this gentleman is clearly not what he appears."

Turning to one of his accomplices he said "I believe that this assault will be more profitable than I first imagined."

His companion then crudely felt my groin and gave a rather feral grin "You are right Hazzan, this gentleman is in fact a woman, I say we have our way with her before we slash her throat, the bloody bitch gave me a rather nasty kick in the balls you know."

The third man, clearly the leader of the gang puts his hand firmly on the shoulder of my would be rapist and held him firmly "No brother, I have a much better fate for our would be man and a much more profitable one for us."

Hazzan obviously not the brightest member of the gang asked, "Um boss what's that?"

I gulped nervously guessing whatever it was it wouldn't be something I liked and my creative mind was already generating many unpleasant options, most involving some form of slavery. The leader shook his head at Hazzan and with a rather pained expression on his face slowly explained "We sell her to a slaver, so she will learn what it truly means to be female."

His goons chuckled and nodded their heads enthusiastically and Hazzan declared, "Yes boss that's a great idea".

The leader carefully counted the coins in my purse, rather pleased with his thievery given the 10,000 dracas I had been carrying. Seeing he was the leader I softly pleaded to him "Sir if money is your key concern, I can pay you considerably more for my freedom than you will get with selling me I am a wealthy woman."

He laughed and shook his head "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you are a crafty woman and I suspect we would end up being turned into the Princes guards rather than enriched by following your suggestion."

I shook my head vigorously in denial and desperately pleaded once more, "Please I give my word of honour that you will be paid a grand ransom for freeing me."

He laughed and spat at the ground, "You are a woman what is your word worth."

He then turned to Hazzan "Gag the stupid bitch, I wish to hear no more of her idle prattle, her shrill voice is getting on my nerves."

As Hazzan went to retrieve a gag from his bag the leader glowered at me and gave my face a rather nasty slap "Besides I love bringing high caste women such as yourself down a notch or to, the knowledge that instead of lording it over descent men, you will be a plaything for them and will be for the rest of your miserable life, more than compensates for whatever extra profit your ransom might have given us."

I was then rather un-ceremoniously gagged and then roughly escorted to one of the nearby slave dealers.

## Chapter 2 CAPTURE AND ENSLAVEMENT

Clearly my captives had a primary eye for a quick no questions asked sale. I of course tried to struggle once I realized my destination, but in my feminine form the thugs were much stronger than me. I also cursed the fact that I now lacked many of my former fighting skills.

Once safely inside the nearest slave dealers compound "Look what we have caught" said the leader of my assailants to a rather fat and ugly merchant "how much do you offer for her?"

"Let us have a close look," he answered lecherously. The fat man then helped my assailants strip away the remainder of my disguise.

"A wild beauty that wishes she was a man hey. I can understand that wish, but women don't have souls so it isn't possible dear. You however will soon be taught what it truly means to be female and learn your proper place," the merchant said as he turned me around to admire my naked body. To the thieves he then spoke "clearly unblemished and not marked, is she still a virgin?"

"We do not know sir, but we did not ravish her just in case" answered Hazzan, the bigger of the rogues

"Are you sweet one?" he asked.

Given that I was still gagged, I could only nod my head. Although definitely not a virgin as a male, nor even as a female, I knew a man had not yet tarnished the body I currently wore, so technically I still was a virgin. My head ached just thinking about it.

"Alright gentlemen I'll give you 3,000 dracas for her."

That started a lengthy haggling process that was finally ended when a still rather low price of 6,000 dracas was agreed to, even less than the amount the blighters had stolen from my purse. Somehow the low price disappointed me, but I couldn't exactly work out why. Clearly I had no desire to be sold into slavery so any amount should have been immaterial. During that time of haggling, I was naturally completely ignored. To them I was

nothing but a piece of merchandise to haggle over; the fact that I had thoughts and feelings was immaterial to these thugs. Given that I was naked and the entrance to the compound was well guarded, thoughts of trying to escape at that stage were not seriously considered. Instead I spent the time glancing around the courtyard, trying to take in what was going on in the broader sense. I noticed that it contained five covered wagons, already attached to teams of ponygirls and wondered what was inside them. I would soon find out.

After the coffees that follow such deals the thugs who had sold me into slavery paid their respects to the merchant and left with their small bag of gold coins, which to my chagrin was considerably less than they had stolen from my purse. I speculated that if they had let me go and made a deal with me they could have got so much more, but then their risks would have been considerably higher as well and those thugs were clearly not honourable men and would not expect such behaviour from others.

Once they had left, the merchant then focused his rather unpleasant attentions purely on me. It had been much better to be simply ignored. Silently he took me to a bathing area and lathered me up and proceeded to remove all my body hair, except for my head hair of course, with a rather sharp and nasty looking blade, including my rich black bush and all other pubic hair. He seemed to take great pleasure in this act, particularly removing my bush.

The slaver said to me after he had removed the last of my pubic hair "you are a fortunate find, one of my girls just died, the stupid slut, and I had a gap in one of my chains and you will nicely fill it."

He then covered most of my body in a black foul smelling gunk. Very quickly it started to sting painfully and I started to wriggle and move with obvious discomfort. The slaver however laughed and found my discomfort terribly amusing, he then freaked me out terribly by coldly stating, "That is only the start of your discomfort beast, you will suffer much more pain in the future I can assure you of that. That lotion is only a hair remover if a very effective one. None of my girls ever grow back public or body hair after its application."

Several minutes latter the stinging sensation became considerably more painful and I was gratefully relieved when the Monster finally through a bucket of cold water over me, then washed the rest of it with a hose. I looked down to where my proud bush had once been, and saw instead a sadly denuded landscape and skin as hairless as a baby. It made me look like some prepubescent girl.

Without saying another word, he then dragged me to third one of the covered wagons, inside of which were 11 terrified, naked and chained women. At his sight they all cowered with obvious fear and apprehension. He then counted along the girls' four spaces to find the gap in the chain he had mentioned earlier. On the way he gave them each a sadistic slap across the breasts. "Here we are, my pretty one your space in the chain, just as I promised."

He then roughly forced me down to the floor and locked the open iron collar around my throat. Using a strange tool he forced a lead pellet into its lock to seal it. As well as being connected to the other 11 girls, the collar also had some short chains that finished in wrist bracelets. These of course were also locked around my wrists. Finally, he attached some chains to my ankles. Any hope of escape quickly faded, as these were also locked on

me, allowing me only the smallest of strides. I also knew that without his special tool, these would never be coming off. As he went to jump of the wagon he glanced back at me and in a cold matter of fact voice informed me, "Oh before I leave a warning beast, talking is not allowed amongst any of my girls. Anyone who disobeys losses her tongue, if you doubt my sincerity looks at number two."

Almost all the girls nodded in a fearful silence, as I stared at the poor tongueless girl with an overwhelming sense of horror. My poor kind heart had difficulty registering the level of cruelty that this monster was capable of. Blood and foam still trickled down the chin of his poor tongueless victim, indicating just how recent the horrid deed had been performed.

I then looked down at my feet and saw a pool of semidried blood and in absolute terror I guessed how my space had become vacant. The sadistic monster clearly had such a low regard for his chattels that murder was only a minor inconvenience. He hadn't even bothered to clean up the blood of his poor victim and probably feed her carcass to some horrid beasts.

My first night in chains was uncomfortable, the day that followed however was even worse. Due to being linked in a chain any movement from one girl disturbed the others. Also any movement was restricted and opportunities to relieve oneself were very limited. Consequently the wagon stank with human waste and I soon found myself covered with my own waste and that of others. During our time in the wagon we were also not feed or given water.

Fortunately, our journey in the wagon finished early the next day. As the canvas awning was lifted we saw we were in a large cavern and within it rested a modest boat tied to a small weir, it didn't seem large enough to handle the rough seas in this part of the world. From the salty smell it was obvious that the cave must somehow open to the ocean.

One by one we were released from the chain and taken aboard the boat so as to minimize any chance of escape. Inside the boat were rows upon row of small cages. Given I was one of the latter to be released from the chain many of the little cages had already been filled with unwilling occupants. I was forced to squeeze through the gap between a first and third level cage. As I crawled in I had to avoid hitting my head on a dangling pot at the top of my little cell. The cage was so small that there wasn't even room enough to crouch. Boards were then inserted into the roof of the cage. I was ordered to place my head up so my neck could be enclosed in the boards. When these were in place I was rather effectively immobilized, I could however use my arms to help move my body so I could relieve myself through a small hole in the floor of my cage. My wastes fell into a pot similar to the one above my head.

Shortly after everyone was locked away, slaves brought around water and food for all of us. The one that served me was quite gentle and was the first kindness I had received in many days.

Fortunately, it only took two days of sailing to reach our destination. During that time I became incredibly seasick and the severe rolling of the ship lead to me being repeatedly covered with waste from the pot dangling above me. I was a putrid pathetic looking creature

by the time we got there. In addition my poor neck got numerous splinters from the timber boards holding it so tightly.

### Chapter 3 ACQUIRED BY MY ENEMY

Whilst still in our little cages my heart became even more leaden when I saw that Garton was amongst those making selections of us poor beasts. I desperately hoped he wouldn't pick me, but not only did he do that but he made it clear that he recognized whom I was.

"Well, well, well John what a delight to see you my dear and in such a more pleasing form for my sorry eyes. I heard you were amongst the captured and you can understand that I just had to have you," said a smirking Garton "I gather the slaver who caught you more than doubled his money".

He seemed to lap up my utter shock and amazement, but instead of informing me of how he knew who I was he took a totally different tack.

"Whilst you will of course never fetch anything like that princess you saved, I will so much enjoy breaking your male ego and that will more than make up for the financial loss. You will be also be a priceless example to any one else who dares cross me. I shall so much love to show you off to my friends and acquaintances once I have you properly trained and to think you had the audacity to think you could some how escape my clutches."

"I will never be your willing play thing!" I tried to answer as defiantly as I could, but alas sadly came across sounding somewhat shrill, scared and rather pitiful.

"You of course will initially try and resist me but in the end you will beg to pleasure me and mean it. Remember the more you resist the greater my pleasure will be when I finally break you, so you are in a no win situation. Remember also that whilst you might have a mans soul, you are in a women's body and subject to all the limitations that entails" he replied matter of factly

"First however you must be collared and tattooed so there is no doubt about your status and no possibility of ever escaping from your fate" he declared with obvious maliciousness.

He then turned to one of the Eunuchs and said "Collar her, place my personal tattoo on her butt and then have her suitably chastised, then bring her to my quarters. Also measure her up for some of my favourite breaking in costumes. Oh don't forget to gag her before taking her."

The Eunuch of course gagged me before even letting me out of my cage. Once I was released he roughly manhandled me to the long line of girls getting Garton's collar and Tattoo that day. Whilst waiting our turns we were kept in a holding cage, just in case any of us were foolish enough to consider escaping. Most of us however were almost too weak to stand let alone consider trying to make a run for it.

Whilst it was a long queue a silver collar was however to quickly upon my fair neck. It was much more ornate than my previous temporary collar and was individually selected to best match my features. My one was quite delicate and could almost be considered pretty; although having said that it was not the sort of thing one would want to wear for-

ever. Given it was sealed with molten silver that was what it was meant to be. Its removal would be a difficult and tedious task. It was designed for a space for a front plate that would carry whatever name my master deigned to give me. The collar already indicated on its back that I was the personal property of my arch nemesis Garton.

After being collared, one by one we were locked face down onto a table and faced the slow and painful process of having our butts tattooed. The only saving grace was the pain was considerably less than for a brand and it was something I continually reminded herself as the artist worked away on my poor posterior. Not at all surprising, Garton's stable tattoo was quite ornate and complex. Like his character I suppose. It had lots of colour and was actually pretty in a perverse sort of way, not that one would volunteer for the dreadful thing. Once so marked a girl could never go back to being free. The best she could hope for was a kind owner. Unlike other forms of slavery, in the Arabian Nights world it was basically a one-way ticket. Owners almost never granted slaves their freedom.

After being collared and tattooed the other girls were simply placed back in the holding cage whilst I was taken into what was called the chastisement room. In there I was made to squat into a container of what looked like just mixed plaster of Paris. To my surprise it was warm and very ticklish to my private parts. As I squatted I was told that this was done so a cast could be made of my private areas to create a very tightly and secure fitting chastity belt.

Whilst the caste was drying I was measured up for the next stage of my humiliation. Whilst work was being done on both I was simply placed in some arm bracelets hanging from the wall opposite a mirror. I suppose that was done so I could see my disgrace concerning the collar and tattoo. I started crying when I saw the sorry confirmation of my predicament, as I knew like all the other girls here that I was now probably beyond saving, unless by some miracle I could get my male body back.

Without unchaining me, about an hour latter, one of the Eunuchs approached me with the completed chastity belt. The external part of it consisted of beautifully embossed and etched gold set of hinged plates. The pattern seemed to contain a whirl of flowers and other Asiatic symbols. Inside it was a personally shaped rubber form. I new it would perfectly fit my private areas as it was based on the mould they had earlier made for me. The fitting was quite a quick process. The arms of the device were simply fitted around my waist and the main part fitted between my legs and connected to the waistband at the back. The chastity belt had its own internal locking device. The device had a small hole for peeing and another for defecating so it could be left on for a very long time if a Master so chose. It however did not cover my new tattoo. I guessed it had been designed that way.

Once fitted the Eunuch said "There you are beast, nice and secure, the only time that comes off is during your monthly curse, when you will be housed with the other impure females. Just hang around there whilst I finish you costume" I inwardly groaned at his poor attempt at his dreadful pun and rather poor attempt at humour.

After a couple of hours my arms were released and a short chain was connected to the ring on my collar. Still naked aside from the collar and chastity belt, I was lead down a long dark corridor that shortly became a rough-hewn tunnel. After almost half an hour of walking this ended at a small door. The door led through into an enormous chamber, larger than most churches or Mosques I had seen. This apparently was Garton's pleasure

room and he was seated on some cushions in the middle of it some distance from the door. He was shirtless so his large fat belly was clearly on display. With his podgy face and small pig like eyes he was far from a pleasant sight.

“Well dear, nice to see you again and all fitted out with your new collar, belt and tattoo. You are now indisputably my property and I am legally free to do with you as I please. I can now with impunity main or even kill you, so expect no mercy. First however I demand appropriate respect.”

He nodded at the eunuchs, who then soundly slapped me on the face; beat me viciously on the leg with his short whip and literally through me to the ground. Given it was hard marble I was lucky not to break something. As it was I obtained some nasty brushes when I made a crashing contact with the floor, let alone any pain I received from the unexpected beating.

“Now dear when ever you are in my presence you will always Salaam before me and will only raise your face from the ground when given permission. Is that understood?”

I meekly nodded my head.

“Good stand up pretty one.”

After I complied he continued “Do you like your new gifts as much as my first one?”

I gasped with shock at the implications of his statement. Of course it was obvious that Garton must have been behind the wizards trick, I thought after a moments reflection, who else hated me enough to design such a dreadful fate for me.

He obviously relished my reaction and confirmed my suspicions by saying “Yes I was the one who arranged you present form from the wizard. However, whilst both of us know you were once a man, no quarter will be given to you as a consequence. You are now a woman and an enslaved one at that and will be so for the rest of your miserable life. You will of course be treated accordingly. Any non-compliance with the duties of a slave girl will be dealt with as harshly as would be the case with any other female in such circumstances.”

“I hope you will try and challenge me as I will then enjoy breaking you even more. Now again do you like your new presents?”

At his words my hands then instinctually went to the collar and chastity belt.

“Yes those” he smiled

I wasn't sure how to answer so just stood there silently in fear. I didn't wish another beating so soon after the last. Seeing my uncertainty he said with clear delight and an obvious cruel coldness “the standard response is to tell me how much you like them, however you actually feel.”

Hesitantly I replied rather slowly and flatly “Master I love your gifts”, for which poor effort the Eunuch slapped me again across the face again and gave my exposed bottom a quick whack with his short whip. “Try again” the Eunuch then hissed, “and this time do not use first person, a slave is never allowed to say I in front of her owner, also show some passion in your answer.”

I carefully gathered my breath and wits then answered again with an insincere smile plastered on my face "Master this girl loves your kind gifts."

Tracing the letters on the back of my newly locked collar I then added softly "She so loves to know who she belongs to."

He grinned with an almost feral glee, "Hmm that reminds me, your collar is also meant carry the name I grant you, clearly one as pretty as you could not continue to be called John."

He then flicked a silver disc to the Eunuch who quickly locked it into the space reserved for my nameplate. Garton curled his lips and gave you a cruel smile and asked "So beast what is your name?"

Nervously I traced the letters on the front of my collar and sounded them out in my head. I felt a —T-A-H-I-R-A-H- then softly gulping done my shame answered, "My new name is Tahirah Master."

Garton showed his teeth, much like a crocodile might before it consumed its prey "That is correct beast and every time you look in a mirror you will be reminded of that. Do you like your new name beast?"

Blushing a bright crimson I managed to force a half smile "Yes Master it is a lovely name I am a very lucky beast."

He nodded his head "Good and you will keep it until I give you another name, as a slave you do not even own your name and I will change it as I see fit, hence why the name is not etched onto your collar. Do you understand Tahirah?"

Gulping miserably I nodded my head "Yes Master this girl understands, as a slave she owns nothing."

The Eunuch gave me another flick of his whip and hissed, "Wrong slave, you still own your mistakes."

He nodded his head obviously satisfied, with my answer and the correction added by the Eunuch "What of your other gift?"

With my other hand I then started tracing the pretty patterns on the front of my chastity belt and then gushed "and this Master is so pretty, it also makes this girl know she is safe and secure."

These answers pleased Garton and a broad smile crossed his tight nasty features "Good girl you obviously learn fast."

After pausing a moment he continued lecherously "and dear you are right that belt shall keep you very secure, we wouldn't want anyone getting to your treasure before me now would we?"

Shuddering inside at the hideous prospect of sex with this evil monster I however still manage to smile appropriately and say, "No Master of course not this girl wants you to be first."

"Good answer dear, now go with the Eunuch to start your training, I'll see you in a week or two to see what level of progress you have made and remember I expect a very high standard."

I new I had obviously been dismissed so bowed appropriately and followed the Eunuch out.

## Chapter 4 TRAINING AS GARTON'S SLAVE GIRL BEGINS

My formal training as a slave girl began almost immediately after that. Once we reached a small teaching room, the eunuch began by giving me detailed instructions on how I should behave in my new Masters harem.

Gruffly it emphasized to me "Even the most minor infraction will be punished so you should listen very carefully or I will get rather weary from whipping you and you will not like me when I get tired from whipping you as that means I have to find more inventive ways to punish you."

My face went rather pale and I gulped loudly, selecting to remain mute rather than say the wrong thing.

He then began to recite the rules "Rule 1, slaves address all Free Men and Women as Master or Mistress. You will also address all the Eunuchs as Master, including me and some senior slave girls as Mistress."

He paused for a moment, clearly waiting for me to say something. I quickly racked my brain then solemnly and rather cautiously answered "Yes Master."

Satisfied, he continued "Rule 2, while free men and woman may not always be right, they are by definition, never wrong. Therefore slaves do not argue with free people. Remember however, that you do have the last two words in any disagreement...those being, "Yes, Master.""

I nodded my head and repeated "Yes Master."

He then continued, "Rule 3, slaves have no rights and own nothing. As you know, even your name is not your own, it can be changed at any time at your owners whim. Any items your Owner gives you can just as easily be taken away. His or her will supersedes your own, and his tiniest whim is your absolute law."

I gulped and silently nodded my head, never having previously thought fully of the consequences of being a slave.

It then continued, "Rule 4, jealousy and possessiveness of one's owner are not becoming in a slave. It's you who are owned, not he. While any human may feel these emotions, a slave girl does not act upon them. It may be how you handle these feelings when you experience them that speak for your maturity and growth in your slavery" With only the briefest of pauses it then continued "Rule 5, slaves should not enter into the conversations of Free Men and Women and should only speak when directly asked a question."

I once more gulped and silently nodded my head.

Chuckling softly it continued, "Rule 6, slaves are forbidden to touch many things. The two most important ones to remember are any form of weaponry or coins without express authorization from their Master. If a man tries to give you a coin, either let it fall or accept it in your mouth and carry it to your owner."

My head at that stage started to get dizzy with all those details but I tried very hard to remain focused and listen carefully to what the Eunuch had to say. It continues in a somewhat monotone voice "Rule 7, slaves are to be pleasing at all times; bad moods are not allowed. Perfection of service and submission is the goal, mere excellence will be just tolerated."

It then rattled off the remaining rules "Rule 8, slaves in this masters harem always speak in third person speech. Therefore you shouldn't use the words "I," "me," or "mine." Instead, say "this one," "this slave," or "this girl." The exception is in speaking of a girl's particular Owner. If permitted, she may be allowed to say, "my Master." Rule 9, a slave girl is supposed to serve all free men and woman and to be pleasing to everyone. However, if you are told to do something that goes against a direct order from your Owner, relate to the Master your Owner's wishes regarding the matter. If a girl is owned, she may have explicit instructions and you should beg your Master to know about yours. Rules 10, slaves will always eat from a bowl or trough and not use any implements or even their own hands whilst eating. Rule 11, whenever you see your Master you must salaam in front of him and only move when given permission. and finally Rule 12 your owner may make any additional rule he sees fit. The merest whim of your Owner is now your highest law. The collar entrusted to you carries the honour of your Owner, you and you alone, can make it as light or as heavy as you wish it to be."

I realized that there was no way I could possibly remember it all let alone do it all and groaned inwardly at the prospect of lots of punishment in the weeks to come.

After an hour of instruction it brought out a cruel old-fashioned gag and locked it on me. A scold's bridle it called it. It was like a little cage that locked around the neck and fitted tightly to the face and head. It had a metal bar in the front of it that stuck into the wearer's mouth immobilizing the tongue and thus preventing speech. It was a very uncomfortable thing to wear and quite effective at its task. Wearing it I could make nothing more than the softest groans.

He then took me to my kennel for the night. It was a terribly small cell not more than three feet high that had only a tiny entrance through which one could only crawl to enter it. The cell had cold stonewalls and a grated floor and was one in a long wall of cells. It was extremely uninviting. The other cells were however empty at present.

When he barked, "kennel" I however did not hesitate for a moment to drop to my belly and begin crawling in backwards through its open door.

Once in it the Eunuch first locked a chain connected to its floor to my collar and then padlocked the door closed. Given that I was stuck on an Island I could not see the need for such excessive security aside perhaps to remind us new slaves of our miserably reduced status.

After he left me I rolled myself into a ball and sobbed for the next hour or so. After I had cried myself dry I raised myself slightly on my elbows and contemplated my situation. Here I was transformed by magic into a woman. By an even crueller twist of fate I had been captured and enslaved and become the property of a man whom I greatly despised but also who equally despised me, knew who I was and wished to rub my face in my changed status. I knew, he will take a great delight in crushing my spirit and would

also take all efforts to ensure I could not escape. On top of that I had a hideously grumpy and unpleasant Eunuch providing me with my basic training. His face seemed to have a permanent bitter and twisted look. It also had a nasty pursed look like it had just consumed vinegar or spent all its time sucking on lemons.

I then spent sometime considering possible escape options. Swimming from the Island would not be impossible given what a skilled long distance swimmer I had been, assuming I still had those skills of course. I however realised at that point in time I was wearing a cruel scolds bridle, chastity belt and collar. Any of which would make swimming rather difficult. I would also need to somehow get to the water first. In my kennel I was chained to the floor and faced a rather solid locked door. I also noted that so far, when not in my kennel I had been very closely supervised. I gave another loud sigh realizing just how difficult it would be to escape. On that thought I fell into a fitful sleep.

The next morning I decided that my safest option was to play along and appear as meek and submissive as possible, whilst always looking for an opportunity to escape. I also rationalized that such an approach would greatly reduce Garton's pleasure as he was hoping for a protracted contest of wills.

## **Chapter 5 SOME NEW LESSONS IN OBEDIENCE**

Shortly after sunrise the now very familiar Eunuch came in and realized me from my kennel and attached a small chain to my collar ring. He then led me to an adjoining training room and removed the scolds bridle.

Giving me an unpleasant smile it began in its high-pitched voice "Today slut I will start by going over the 12 rules one more time. After that any infraction will be punished."

I obediently nodded my head "Yes Master I will listen carefully."

It grinned malevolently "That would be a very good idea girl, my wrist is already a little sore from how much I had to whip you yesterday."

I gulped nervously and gave it a sheepish look "Sorry master about your sore wrist."

The Eunuch had a perfunctionary grunt at my comment then commenced recited the rules again in his high-pitched monotone voice. It was very hard to stay focused and I must admit to drifting of somewhat. It was also early morning and I had not yet had my regular caffeine fix so was still not fully with it. I guessed I would soon be going into withdrawal symptoms as slaves rarely got to consume coffee or anything halfway decent for that matter. Although in my harem the girls had at least been well feed. I had had more than enough money that I didn't need to count my pennies and feed my beasts slave gruel. I assumed or rather at least hoped that Garton was more than wealthy enough that he did not to need to do that either.

After finishing its recital of rules, the Eunuch fastened my collar chain to a bolt on the stone floor then places a modest stainless steel bowl in front of me. It then ladled two large spoons of a rather unappetizing grey gunk out of what looks like a sloop's bucket into it. I looked at it in horror as it looked several steps below what I assumed the worse slave gruel would be like. Seeing my pained expression it gave me another malevolent grin "Your breakfast slut eat it up, its what all the girls eat here and your no different."

I looked at the horrid grey sludge and turned up my pretty nose with a feeling of utter disgust, it smelt so wretched that I actually felt like dry retching, just being near the stuff. With a Poe face I declared without thinking, "I can't eat that it's absolutely revolting and besides you haven't even given me a spoon."

Obviously, in spite his great wealth; Garton was clearly a money pincher as far as his beasts were concerned. Or maybe he simply felt that feeding them crap would help reinforce their lowly beastlike status. But then I personally had given much better stuff to my dogs.

Before I realized what is happening the Eunuch drew out his short quirt and whacked me five times on my back its face livid with rage "You stupid slut where you not listening to a word I just said."

I gave it a hurt dumb blond look (particularly hard given I was raven haired at the time) and bite my bottom lip and in a conciliatory voice softly asked "What did I do wrong Master?"

Infuriated it whacked me again "Are you insufferably stupid or do you have a death wish and are trying to violate as many rules as possible."

I gave it a blank expression and said "Ah?"

Holding its temper, assuming I must be very dumb, it gritted its teeth and very slowly said "Hmm I assume as John you never went for smart girls. All right you just violated rules 3,5,7,8,9 and10. I don't know how you managed to avoid violated the others. I wont repeat them again as you'll just forget them anyway, but to keep things simple just try to be always nice and also try and keep your silly mouth closed as much as possible. Also don't do again whatever you just got whacked for. Is that easy enough to understand?"

I nodded my head nervously and gulp heavily. Somewhat satisfied the Eunuch pointed to the slops and loudly declared "Now slut eat up your slave gruel as if it came from a five star restaurant and not a peep form you until you've licked the bowl clean."

Holding my nose between my thumb and forefingers I then lent forward and took my first mouthful of the revolting slave gruel in front of me. I even managed to swallow the horrid stuff, but alas the grey gruel actually tasted worse than it looked. In spite of my poor empty tummy groaning from a lack of food and sustenance, I couldn't overcome my natural gag reflex, so the 'food' only got half way down my throat before I was cruelly forced to regurgitate all of it. To make things even worse, my treacherous body considered the stuff so potentially life threatened that it exited my mouth as a rather forceful projectile vomit. Naturally I wasn't looking were it was going and turned a horrid grey, perhaps to nicely match the colour of the meal, when I saw it splash all over the Eunuchs shinny and obviously brand new leather boots.

Now if my earlier comments had made the Eunuch angry before, its look then was totally apoplectic. It grabbed its dreaded quirt and viciously whipped me again across my back at least half a dozen times, in spite of its sore wrist and then to my greater agony across my pert and rather exposed breasts the same number of times screaming "You evil good for nothing slut, I paid good money for these boots and I hope you haven't spoilt them, what is more you have wasted perfectly good food."